MRS. JAMES GREENLEAF

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MRS. JAMES GREENLEAF

A Commemorative Discourse

BY

HER PASTOR

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE

EVE OF THE ANNUNCIATION

MARCH 24TH, A.D. 1903

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The service was largely attended. The "Memorial Chancel" was aglow with light and simply but profusely beautified with plants and flowers. For an hour previous to the service, by courtesy of Mr. Philip B. Dallinger, the parish organist, the organ was played by Mr. Charles Swinscoe of Clinton, Massachusetts, a former parishioner and organist of St. James's. At the appointed hour the combined choirs of the parish entered the church in silent procession, followed by the assisting clergy and the Rector. The Bishop of the Diocese was unable to be [illegible]

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At the conclusion of the service, which occupied nearly two hours, many of those present repaired to the Chapel to see the Memorial Window put in position the same day by the Ladies' Missionary Society of the parish.

At the celebration of the Holy Communion in the Chapel on the morning following the Rev. Arthur P. Greenleaf officiated, assisted by the Rector of St. James's.

E. A.

Easter-tide.

Errata.

P. 17.	Line 22.	For "Cragie" read Craigie.
P. 21.	Line 21.	For "1" read 2.
P. 37.	Line 8.	After the word "here" insert ".
P. 38.	Line 20.	For "sister" read sisters.

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The service was begun by the Rev. James Sheerin, Assistant Minister of the parish, who announced the Opening Hymn, the 15th, "The shadows of the evening hours," and then led in the Lord's Prayer, the Versicles and Responses, and in the reading of the 84th Psalm, "O how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of hosts!" The First Lesson, "Who can find a virtuous woman?" Proverbs XXXI, 10–31, was read by the Rev. Charles W. Henry, Assistant Minister of Grace Church, New Bedford, once a member of Mrs. Greenleaf's class in the Sunday School. The Rev. Francis E. Webster, Rector of Christ Church, Waltham, a former Assistant Minister of St. James's, read the Second Lesson, out of St. Matthew's Gospel, V, 1–16, beginning with "The Beatitudes." The Apostles' Creed, the Versicles, and the Collects and Prayers following were taken by the Rev. Prescott Evarts, Rector of Christ Church, Cambridge. The hymn before the sermon was the 342nd: "Art thou weary, art thou languid?"; that after the sermon the 176th: "For all the Saints, who from their labors rest." The Rector said the Concluding Prayers and gave the Benediction. The Recessional was Dean Alford's stirring hymn, No. 396: "Ten thousand times ten thousand."

Besides the clergymen above named there were in the Chancel the Rev. Arthur P. Greenleaf, Rector of Grace Church, Everett; the Rev. Glenn Tilley Morse, Minister in Charge and Rector-elect of St. James's, Clarendon Hill, West Somerville, formerly an integral part of St. James's, Cambridge; and the Rev. Edward A. Rand, Rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Watertown.

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Collect for the Annunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary.

We beseech thee, O Lord, pour thy grace into our hearts; that, as we have known the incarnation of thy Son Jesus Christ by the message of an Angel, so by his cross and passion we may be brought unto the glory of his resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Psalm CXIX, 54: "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

Poetry and Life.

So sings an unnamed poet in the longest of the Hebrew Psalms.[1] If that poet were Ezra, then we can connect his twenty-two cantos of eight stanzas each with the return of an exiled people from their captivity; and the "statutes," which are the Word of GOD, the "songs," which are the poetical version of that Word, and the "house of the pilgrimage," which is cheered by the melody of that song, become an allegory whose meaning is that Poetry and Life may be but different expressions of the same spiritual nature. "Statutes," "Songs," "Pilgrimage"; Truth, Poetry, Life; the Word of GOD finding utterance now in the Poet's verse and then in the Pilgrim's experience; in this thought is struck the keynote of what is to be said this afternoon. "The grand power of Poetry," says Matthew Arnold,[2] "is its interpretative power, . . . the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new, and intimate sense of them, and of our relation with them." Then, since Life may be the interpretation of Truth, there is surely such a thing as the Poetry of Life. And if, according to another

[1] This was one of Pascal's favorite Psalms.

[2] "Maurice de Guérin." *Essays in Criticism.* Boston: 1865. P. 74.

high authority,[1] "no literary expression can properly speaking be called poetry that is not in a certain deep sense emotional, whatever may be its subject matter, concrete in its method and its diction, rhythmical in movement, and artistic in form," then the Life which now lies before us for review was Poetry of the truest and finest quality: for that Life was intensely emotional, though the emotion was always under discipline; its method and its diction, so to speak, were concrete to the utmost; its movement was exquisitely rhythmical; and its form was artistic in a rare degree. In short such a Life was one long Poem, through whose incomparable accents we may know something more of the Incarnation of our Lord as "by the message of an Angel."

The Poet and the Pilgrim One.

If the truth thus announced needs reiteration, or added emphasis, or distincter statement, in order fully to possess our minds, we have only to recall the words of Longfellow in his Commencement Oration on "Our Native Writers," at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, in 1825.[2] "Our poetry is not in books alone," then said the future author of "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," a young man only in his nineteenth year, but speaking with the catholicity of the true poet and the intuition of a seer. It is not, indeed. In his own life the young orator was signally to enforce his meaning. But he who was to be above all others the poet of the great American heart little thought that at the very moment he was uttering these words there was a child in his

[1] *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Boston: 1885. Article "Poetry." Vol. 19, P. 257.

[2] First printed from the original manuscript in *Every Other Saturday*, Vol. VIII, P. 116, as quoted by T. W. Higginson in his *Longfellow.*

Portland home, if not actually in the seats before him, a child of nine, his sister Mary, who was destined to furnish further enforcement of that meaning in her own way, incarnating in the house of her pilgrimage the "Statutes" which he was to make musical with his song. Something more than a family connection, then, something more than a venerated name, binds Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Mary Longfellow Greenleaf in one. Theirs was the community of the Poet and the Pilgrim, of Song and of Life, manifesting in different ways the same spiritual realities.

In 1816.

Few are now living to go back in memory—in imagination it is hard for any of us to go back—to 1816, on the 28th of June in which year Mary Longfellow was born in the Portland home of Stephen Longfellow and Zilpha Wadsworth Longfellow his wife. In the evening of her days Mrs. Greenleaf was in the habit of pleasantly saying that she could only account for the little strength she seemed to have from the fact that she had "seen so much of the last century." How much of that century she saw! When her eyes opened on the world Portland was a little seaport of scarcely five thousand inhabitants; Cambridge a rural town of barely three thousand; New York City but a trifle larger than the Cambridge of to-day. The Battle of Waterloo was only a year and ten days old. Napoleon was in exile in St. Helena. George III was on the English throne. Queen Victoria was not yet born. James Madison was President of the United States. Florida was not yet part of the United States. The first steamship had not crossed the Atlantic; and Mrs. Greenleaf well remembered having heard, when a little

girl, a gentleman say: "They will never cross the Atlantic by steamer." When her brother Henry made his first voyage to Europe in 1826, when he was nineteen and she was ten, it took him seventy days. In 1816 Keats and Shelley and Byron were still singing their songs; Goethe and Scott and Coleridge and Lamb were in their prime; Irving and Cooper and Dana were approaching manhood; Bryant and Emerson and Whittier were only boys; Lowell had not yet appeared. Higginson she remembered as a boy of nine in jackets, coming in at eight o'clock bedtime to kiss the family all around Good Night, including her.

Childhood.

On her mother's side, through the Wadsworth family, Mary Longfellow's descent could be traced back to John Alden and his Priscilla, to Elder Brewster and Henry Sampson of "Mayflower" tradition and Plymouth fame. The quaint old box cradle, in which she, the sixth in order of eight children,[1] and all the other seven were rocked in turn, a cradle old and quaint looking enough to have come over in the "Mayflower," was brought to her in Cambridge in her last days, and there in her Brattle Street chamber freshened for awhile her recollections of her childhood and her childhood's home; then to be borne back again to its old place in Portland to abide in permanency and peace among other souvenirs of by-

[1] A household ditty arranged the eight as follows, a gap of four years or a little more separating the two groups of four each:

Stephen and Henry,
Eliz'beth and Anne,
. . . .
Alex and Mary,
Ellen and Sam.

gone traditions and other times. Around that Portland house, as it retired gradually into dignified isolation and seclusion before the heartless advances of trade, her memories and affections clustered like tendrils of green or fronds of lichen around an ancient wall. It was one of the houses of her pilgrimage made musical over and over, many a season, by the poetry of her life. When sojourning as she statedly did beneath its roof, it was a delight to receive her friends there, to take them through the quaint old sitting-room and parlor, to show them the apartment in which her brother Henry wrote "The Rainy Day," and the lamp under which he wrote "Hyperion," and to give them through the windows glimpses of the old garden in which as a child she used to play. For outdoor sports, however, she did not greatly care; but she did love her dolls.

When she was four years old Mary Longfellow was baptized by Rev. Dr. Nichols, an old-time Unitarian, "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." This fact she always dwelt on with significant emphasis in her recollections. Her mother being too ill to go to the meeting-house the baptism took place at home. The religious atmosphere of that home was the same old-fashioned Unitarianism. "But I never was a Unitarian," she used to say. "My mother," she added once, "always gathered her children about her on Sunday evening to instruct them, and she used to say, 'Mary has different views from the rest of us about Christ.'" This was when she was but a child.

Her father she well remembered as "a very good man," who, among other restrictions, never allowed his children to "play cards," and this daughter Mary never learned to play. For this ignorance in her later life she expressed her thankfulness, for when she came to live in New

Orleans card-playing was as fashionable as it is in some quarters to-day, with much attendant gambling, even among ladies, and she was always glad, she said, that when asked to join in a game she could decline for so excellent and final a reason as that she did not know one card from another. But then, with facetious candor, she would be reminded at the same time that she had her failings in those childhood days. For, once when she and the other children were playing together, and the father and mother were talking by themselves in a low voice a little at one side, she caught the mention of her name under their breath, and pricking up her ears this was what she heard her father say about her: "As for Mary, I don't know what we shall do with her. She is so frivolous and so fond of dress." "I soon got over that," she naively remarked, as she related this story a few months before she died.[1]

Marriage.

On the 22nd of October, 1836, in this same old Portland house, where she was born and had been baptized, and by the same Dr. Nichols who had baptized her, she was married to James Greenleaf, son of the distinguished and honorable Simon Greenleaf of Cambridge, whose ancestors, descendants of the Huguenot Feuilleverts, had come from England in 1635, founded the American branch of the house, and settled in Newbury, Massachusetts, where they perpetuated the traditions of their past by stalwart character and the trade of silk dyers. Mr. James Greenleaf had begun his college course at Bowdoin, but graduated at Dartmouth in 1834. Delicate health occasioned an immediate sea voyage, and he sailed for Calcutta with

[1] May 19, 1902.

two congenial companions.[1] Out of this experience the three young men emerged fast friends. Mr. Greenleaf then embarked in business in New Orleans in connection with the cotton mills of Lowell, and it was to a home in New Orleans, at that time almost as distant as the ends of the earth are now, that he took his bride.

It was a simple wedding in that old Portland home on that October day, and she was a beautiful bride, says one still living who was present on the occasion, and who is present also at our service this afternoon[2]; one who remembers her and her total unlikeness to other young women of her set and of her day; her radiance, her ethereal, translucent look, precursor of the personality which passing years and their sorrows only chastened, and which the wrinkles of old age did not disfigure.[3]

To New Orleans.

The next twenty-five years of Mary Longfellow's life, now Mrs. James Greenleaf, were to be spent mostly in New Orleans, amidst strange scenes, new friendships, and dramatic vicissitudes, all of which were to play their part in the shaping of character for the singular ministry of her later life. The introduction to her new home in the far South was as novel and exciting as it well could

[1] Believed to be J. Ingersoll Bowditch and G. F. Peabody.

[2] Miss Charlotte G. Emery.

[3] By no manner of means however was this spirituelle bride the visionary and unpractical sort of being which might be inferred from this description. She was on the contrary a very practically-educated, a very practically-minded, and a very practically-handed woman. "Her father used to say," she afterwards recalled, "that he would not give a daughter to any man to wife who did not know how to prepare and serve a meal. And for six weeks before I was married," she added with pardonable satisfaction, "I had to be in the kitchen every day when dinner was being prepared." Thus through all her coming years, and to the very end, she looked well to the ways of her household, and never ate the bread of idleness.

be. It consisted of a three weeks' journey by stage over the Alleghanies, and down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers by steamer. This was in 1841,[1] the stirring days of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," the first of fifty journeys in all which she made between New Orleans and the North, two each year in each direction, before her Southern home was exchanged for the permanent one in Cambridge. For some years these annual migrations, as of the "Birds of Passage" of which her brother sung, were made over the mountains and along the rivers. On her first trip, for companions in the cramped stage coach, she had two Generals of the United States Army, one of them General Harney, each of them six feet and some inches tall. And glad the giants were 'at every stopping-place to alight and stretch their legs, felicitating their fairy fellow-passenger in having the advantage of them in being little. "I was very young then," she said, "and enjoyed it all very much."

On another occasion, at a place called Frostburg, on the top of the Alleghanies, she and her husband were caught in a heavy snowstorm on the Fourth of July.

The New Orleans Life.

Their first two winters in New Orleans Mr. and Mrs. Greenleaf spent at the old St. Charles Hotel.[2] Then, in company with friends,[3] they took a flat in what had been the old Orleans Theatre on Chartres Street in the midst of what is now the Creole quarter.[4] This was their first real home. Then, after an interval in furnished rooms,

[1] Or 1842.

[2] Burned a few years ago, and now replaced by a fine modern structure.

[3] Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Adams from New Hampshire, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Darling from Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Leonard from Natchez.

[4] Since made famous by Mr. George W. Cable in *The Grandissimmes* and other kindred stories of Creole life in New Orleans.

Mr. Greenleaf bought a house on Canal Street, between Burgundy and Rampart Streets, a region now given over to business. All vestiges of these former homes were long since defaced if not effaced by the changes which obliterate the past of a great and growing city.[1]

Their Sunday home was at Christ Church, then under the rectorship of the Rev. Dr. Hawks,[2] now the cathedral church of the Diocese of Louisiana. Mr. Greenleaf was in constant service of the parish as a vestryman, and for some years was Superintendent of the Sunday School, in which both he and Mrs. Greenleaf had their classes. But their interests and their activities were not confined to their parish or their Church. Their benevolence extended in all directions, and their influence was felt for good throughout the entire community. It is believed by those who know that few persons have ever lived in New Orleans whose private ministries left a deeper impression than theirs, or whose departure was more sincerely regretted. Their devotion to each other was as marked as their service of others, for throughout the twenty-five years of this New Orleans residence they

[1] A personal visit in March, 1903, succeeded only in determining approximately the respective locations.

[2] Francis Lister Hawks, D.D., born 1798, died 1866; Rector of Christ Church, New Orleans, from 1844 to 1849. To the end of her days Mrs. Greenleaf remembered Dr. Hawks as "a fascinating man," "a fine reader," "an impressive preacher," but the kind of a man "to have a hard time with his vestry." Once she found him striding to and fro berating this body in hard language. "Dr. Hawks!" exclaimed this woman of gentleness and peace, "How can you, a Christian minister, talk so about your brother Christian men?" "You peaceable little New England woman," rejoined the irate Rector, "if you could feel as I feel, you would say what I say." She could not feel what others seemed to feel; it was not in her. Where others felt anger, she felt pity; where others were resentful, she was forgiving; what others cherished, she forgot; against no one could she ever lay up anything.

were separated only once, and then only for one week, when Mrs. Greenleaf hurried away to the North to see her dying father.

The War and After.

The Civil War disturbed though it did not destroy the Greenleafs' New Orleans home. They were in the city when the war broke out, and Mr. Greenleaf's property was taken possession of by the Confederate government. After a year's experience under the new conditions they got away to the North, and here remained until the authority of the United States was restored.[1] Then they returned, but, curiously enough, were compelled to take the oath of allegiance to their country before they were allowed to land. "This," said Mrs. Greenleaf slyly, "I was very glad to do."

Great changes had taken place in the city during their absence. Repairing to Christ Church on a Sunday they found the old building full of officers and soldiers of the Union army. General Banks and his staff were in the Greenleaf pew. The dispossessed exiles slipped unobserved into rear seats, next the door, and the old sexton's was the only familiar face they saw.

Mrs. Greenleaf at once resumed the loving ministrations of sympathy and comfort which had characterized the former period of residence, and for which a new field was now presented in the army hospitals, crowded with sick and wounded. These hospitals she visited regularly twice a week. If ever a sister of charity made the rounds of the wards it must have been she. There was one boy

[1] It is an interesting and creditable circumstance, and one that throws light upon the domestic interior of Mr. and Mrs. Greenleaf's life, that on their departure they left servants in the house, and on their return found everything intact and in perfect order as they had left it.

from Maine, from Portland itself, in whom she became deeply interested. He had lived near the house of Governor Paris, whom she knew well. Twice a week for a long time she went to see this boy; "but alas!" she said, "I went one morning, and he was gone." Then, too, there was a Confederate soldier who particularly interested her. "Would it be too much to ask you to fetch me a custard baked in a cup, such as my mother used to make?" he said to her one day. You may believe that he had his custard. Upon such points of her past as these did she love to dwell, and by such touches did she unconsciously illustrate her ways of making the statutes of GOD her songs in the house of her pilgrimage.

The Cambridge Home.

It was during the northern episodes of this New Orleans residence that Mr. Greenleaf built the Cambridge house which, for nearly forty years after his death, was to be his widow's home.[1] On Brattle Street, not far away from the historic mansion where lived the poet brother of his wife, rose gradually the shapely and now historic dwelling so long identified with the Greenleaf name, on a spot further hallowed for them by connection with Mr. Greenleaf's father's memory, who had died in 1853. And to Ash Street, hard by, was moved from its Brattle Street site the older house in which Mr. and Mrs. Greenleaf began their Cambridge housekeeping.[2]

Here on the 22nd of August, 1865, in the prime of his beautiful manhood, having scarcely passed his fiftieth year, Mr. Greenleaf died. The summons was sudden. The day

[1] The house was completed in 1859.

[2] This house, still standing, on the right, near the corner of Mt. Auburn Street, has been occupied for many years by Mr. Greenleaf's nieces, the Misses Croswell.

before he had gone to his business in Boston as usual, but returned to his home unwell. He was sitting in his chair when the parting stroke came. Can you not imagine how that stroke smote the loved one at his side? "A voice said to me," she said musingly in after years as she recalled the hour, "this is not death, it is life. But it was death to me."

No, it was not death to her. The separation was life to her as well as life to him. Cast down, but not destroyed, she arose out of her sorrow as a flower lifts its head when the storm is past, and with this tragedy the poetry of her life took on fresh strength, new sweetness, and a deeper meaning. GOD, in that wonderful Providence of His, which if we will only look for it we can always discover in every stage of our pilgrimage, had ready and waiting the new interest which was to be balm for her bleeding heart; the object that was to satisfy in some measure the otherwise unsatisfied yearnings of this widow who was not a mother; the field of opportunity which was to arrest her attention and enlist her service for years to come.

Mr. and Mrs. Greenleaf were at this time communicants of Christ Church, where they had been confirmed by Bishop Griswold not long after their marriage[1] and about two years before Bishop Griswold's death,[2] beginning their Christ Church connection very nearly at the same time that the Rev. Dr. Hoppin began his rectorship.[3] Mark in connection with this circumstance the date of Mr. Greenleaf's death, August 22, 1865, and note its bearing on the facts now to be recollected.[4]

[1] Quinquagesima Sunday, February 21, 1841.

[2] February 15, 1843.

[3] Dr. Hoppin "took charge" of Christ Church in November, 1839, but was not elected Rector until June 29, 1843.

[4] Mr. Greenleaf was a Warden of Christ Church in 1841 and 1842.

Cambridge in 1865.

In 1865 Cambridge was not a third of the city it is to-day. Old Cambridge, Cambridgeport, East Cambridge, and North Cambridge were the four disconnected precincts of a municipality of perhaps 25,000 people, united only in name; precincts separated by dreary marsh lands, stretches of pasture and unimproved house lots, connected by long and sparsely settled thoroughfares. The University was then as now the principal feature. A great cattle market just above Porter's Station confronted market gardens that stretched away towards what was then West Cambridge, now Arlington. Infrequent horse cars ran to Boston. Christ Church opposite the Common and St. Peter's in the Port were the only Episcopal houses of worship in the city.

Such was the Cambridge to which had come a little while before this, to live in the old Greenleaf house on Ash Street, the Rev. Andrew Croswell and his family, Mrs. Croswell being Mr. James Greenleaf's sister. It was a community of brothers and sisters then, curiously intermingled by marriage, that had gathered near the corner of Brattle and Ash Streets. In the stately old Cragie Mansion on Brattle Street lived the poet Longfellow, singing his songs in the house of his pilgrimage — in the sixties the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "Flower de Luce," and "The New England Tragedies," so translating the essential poetry of his nature into verse more melodious than any other American voice has sung, and destined, probably, to be more memorable. On Brattle Street, a few steps nearer Harvard Square, lived his sister, Mrs. Greenleaf, with her husband, in tender and sanctified companionship, she singing her songs in the house of her pilgrimage, but translating the essential poetry of her nature into a

life which was a pure and perfect, if not matchless, symphony of spiritual harmonies. A few steps one side, down Ash Street, lived Mr. and Mrs. Croswell, she Mr. Greenleaf's younger sister, he a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, never physically strong and vigorous, and now without stated pastoral care.[1]

The Beginnings of St. James's.

To this Mr. Croswell, thus circumstanced, responding to the impulse awakened by the Rev. Dr. F. D. Huntington's advent as a Churchman,[2] and supported on the right hand and the left by Samuel Batchelder and George Dexter, zealous young laymen of Christ Church, the then outlying district of North Cambridge presented itself as a hopeful field for missionary endeavor, and there in Atwill's Hall, on Christmas evening, 1864, Mr. Croswell and Mr. Batchelder and Mr. Dexter had gathered the first congregation, and with Dr. Huntington as preacher had held the first service of St. James's mission.[3] Then, in August, 1865, Mr. Greenleaf died. The sense of separation from him never left Mrs. Greenleaf until the signal for the reunion came, but without, on the one hand, despising the chastening of the Lord, on the other hand she fainted not under the blow.[4] Submissively, humbly, bravely,

[1] The Rev. Andrew Croswell was born at Falmouth, Massachusetts, July 9, 1822, and graduated at Brown University in 1843; was ordained Deacon by Bishop Henshaw in 1846 and Priest by Bishop Eastburn in 1848; and was successively settled at Johnston, R. I., Cabotville (now Chicopee), Massachusetts, Brunswick, Maine, and Newton Lower Falls, Massachusetts.

[2] Then Rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston, and since 1869 the Bishop of Central New York.

[3] Dr. Huntington's text was from the 4th verse of the 4th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians: "There is one body, and one Spirit."

[4] For years, as long as her strength permitted, Mrs. Greenleaf always went to Mt. Auburn early on Easter morning to lay flowers on her husband's grave.

quietly she entered on the path set before her, addressing herself to those good works which GOD had appointed for her to walk in. Still worshiping regularly at old Christ Church under Dr. Hoppin's ministry, nothing could have been more natural than that she should have found something to interest her in the little mission which her husband's brother-in-law had planted in North Cambridge. But not everyone under such conditions as these would have found so much interest in it, or responded with such generosity and devotion to its pleas for sympathy and aid. For a year the little congregation worshiped in their lowly hired hall. Then they moved into the tiny bank building, still standing between the old tavern and the present Universalist meeting-house, which was suitably fitted up and made to serve the purpose of a chapel for awhile. Slowly, but steadily and hopefully, the work went on. Mr. Croswell by his genuineness and simplicity, and Mrs. Croswell by her loveliness and devotion in all ways to all to whom her husband ministered, spread a good impression of the Church in all the neighborhood. In 1870 Mr. Croswell had the satisfaction of seeing a lot of land bought on Beech Street for the site of the St. James's Church of the future, and then, feeling that a good point had been reached for him to stop, resigned. Where the money was to come from with which to build the church nobody, I judge, could see; for it was as much as the mission could do, with the help of all its friends in Old Cambridge, to buy the land. But in GOD'S Providence the means was at hand for the building, and on the 30th of June, 1871, the cornerstone was laid of the St. James's Church on Beech Street, which He had put into the heart of this His widowed servant "to appropriate and devote to His honor and worship."

This in after years Mrs. Greenleaf used to call her "first

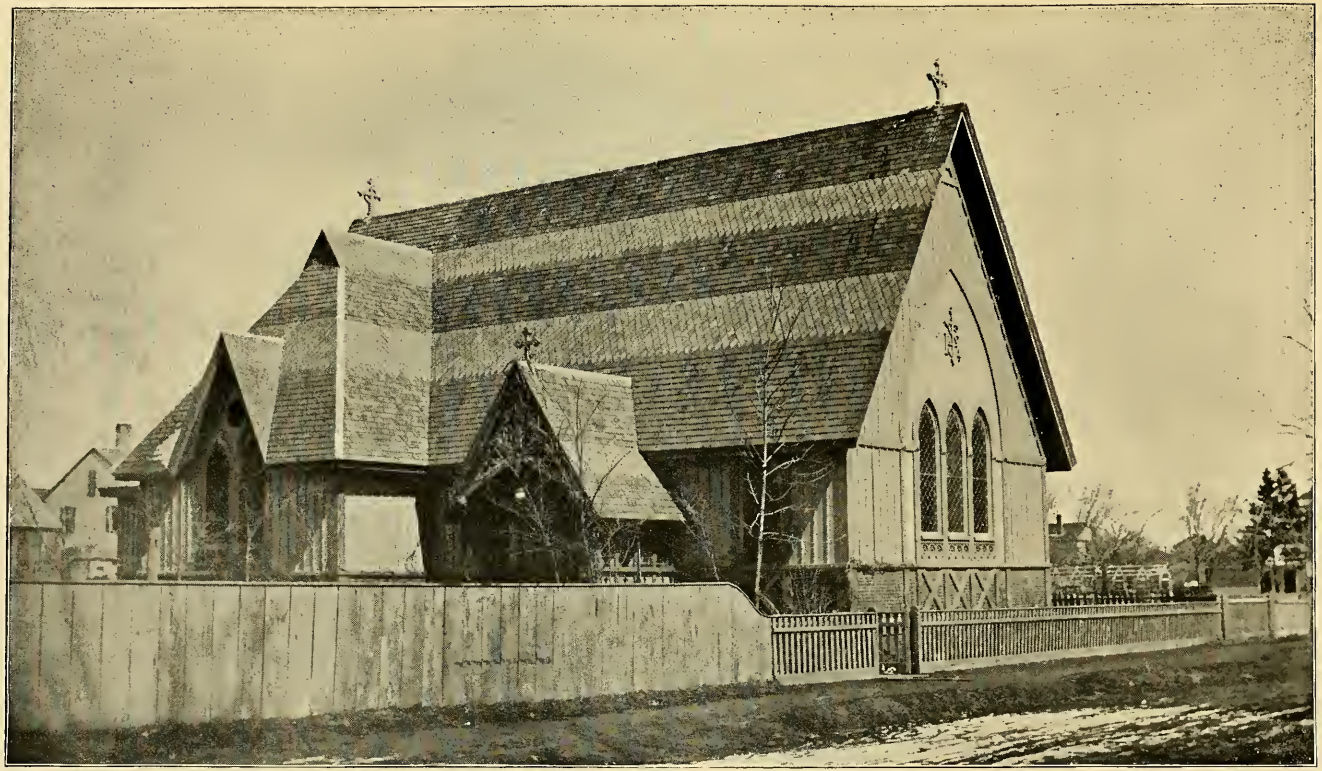
church venture." Whether it was Mr. Croswell's relationship, or the dear and now hallowed name which logical order had assigned to this second member of the apostolic group of churches gathering around the old mother Christ Church,[1] that moved Mrs. Greenleaf to make this gift, we do not know; but it was the first of her long series of benefactions to the parish with which her name, her character, her life and her ministry have ever since been associated, and with which her memory and that of her husband are now linked forever. Dr. Hoppin used all his arts of persuasion to have the new little church built, consecrated, and placed under the care of Christ Church as a mission, but to this the gently resolute giver could not agree.

On the 21st of December, 1871, remembered by her as one of the bitterest days of the winter, the church was consecrated by Bishop Eastburn, his teeth chattering with the cold in the vestry before the service, as he sent for Mrs. Greenleaf to come and speak to him. From that day and hour the center of her life began to move towards St. James's. Until Mr. Tyng entered on his rectorship[2] she rarely attended service there on Sundays, and when she did it was usually in company with Mrs. Croswell, habitually occupying the pew which in later years came to be known as hers. It is the window against this pew

[1] Christ Church was organized in 1759; St. Peter's in 1842; St. James's in 1866; St. John's Chapel, the Chapel of the Episcopal Theological School, with which no parish organization is connected, was built in 1869; St. Philip's was organized in 1888; St. Bartholomew's in 1889. If the reader will turn to the 10th Chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, at the 2nd and 3rd verses, he will see that this nomenclature (St. Andrew's name alone excepted) follows the order in which the Twelve Apostles are there listed. It would be interesting to know why "St. James," and not "St. Andrew" in the natural order, was selected for the dedicatory title of this third of the Cambridge parishes. Was it because, according to another more truly spiritual grouping, SS. Peter, James, and John seem to have stood nearest to the Person of our Lord?

[2] The Rev. Theodosius S. Tyng, Rector of St. James's from 1874 to 1878 now a missionary in Japan.

MRS. GREENLEAF'S "FIRST CHURCH VENTURE."



which our Ladies' Missionary Society have filled to-day with the first of her memorials. But though at this time seldom a Sunday worshiper she was frequently a weekday visitor to the little church. She had her own key, would let herself in, and used to remain there alone by the half hour or longer at a time. We need not ask how the time was spent. On these occasions she always came in her carriage, which became a familiar object on Beech Street as it waited before the door while she was on the Mount within.[1]

After Mr. Tyng became Rector Mrs. Greenleaf's attendance at St. James's grew noticeably more frequent, and gradually settled into regularity. "I want to help him all I can," she used to say with characteristic sympathy for the young minister, fresh from the Theological School on Brattle Street across the way from her own home. Often in these days she was accompanied by Mr. Tyng's mother. For a time her nominal membership remained at old Christ Church, but by 1874 she was communing statedly at St. James's, and in 1878 she was formally transferred from the one parish to the other.[1] It was the gift of herself to St. James's, the greatest gift the parish has ever received. How much that gift has been to us all these years! Without it the parish would never have become — humanly speaking never could have become — what it is to-day.

[1] The spring after the church on Beech Street was built Mrs. Greenleaf sent trees and shrubs from her own grounds on Brattle Street to beautify the yard around it, and later the lilacs for the hedge in front. She also caused a group of trees to be set out in the rear of the entrance, where the Parish House now projects beyond the vestry, to hide the stable from view.

[2] The following paragraph from a letter from the Rev. Mr. Tyng, dated Wakayama, Japan, February 11th, 1903, requires insertion here:

"Of her connection with St. James's nothing I think impressed me more than her giving up her regular attendance at Christ Church and coming to

As a Sunday School Teacher.

Mrs. Greenleaf's first active interest at St. James's, after the building of its house of worship, seems to have been in the Sunday School. To the young Rector's earnest appeal for additional teachers she responded by offering herself, with her New Orleans experience, to take the Infant Class. This was the beginning of a long, loving and unwearying service. Here her love of childhood and children, denied its natural satisfactions in the joys of motherhood, found a field of usefulness in which it was a holy delight and a sanctifying inspiration to see her engaged. Her "Infant Class," seated at first in a front pew, or afterwards crowded into narrow quarters behind the organ, gradually expanded into a "Primary Department," whose numbers, variety and restlessness taxed to the utmost her ingenuity and strength, but never her patience or her love. This was the work, she afterwards said, "which first aroused her from her own deep sorrow." She was true fairy godmother to her children, and this in no formal or conventional sense. She had always a word for every member of her class, always every Sunday took every one by the hand, and her arm was always around one or another. There were two verses of the Bible which she taught them all in turn: "Thou GOD

St. James's instead. Christ Church and her own place in it were very dear to her, and evidently made sacred by many old and tender associations. Yet much as she loved it she gave up quietly and unhesitatingly her habits of close connection with it, retaining her pew for occasional use only, that she might go, for the sake of others, where her work more and more lay. It was only a very few quiet words that gave me this glimpse into a side of her character which I think was seldom revealed. It was the only time that I can remember when she allowed me for a moment to see a little of what her quiet ministries must have cost her. The general impression would rather be, I think, that it was no effort to her to give herself up to the service of those, whoever they might be, that seemed to need her. Yet there must have been many things in her willing life of service that jarred upon her gentle spirit, though she gave no sign."

seest me," and "GOD is love." When there was a Baptism of Infants she would always go to the vestry room after the service and, taking the baby's hand in hers, would say: "Another candidate for my class"; always then speaking to the mother of the blessedness of motherhood. First and last in these twenty-five years and more a very long procession of boys and girls have thus passed through her caressing hands and under her gentle influence; boys and girls, many of them now men and women, who will never forget to their dying day the spell of her unique personality, the impress of her spiritualized nature, the melody of her voice now silent, the tender touch of her now vanished hand. She never presented a sweeter picture than with her Sunday School children gathered about her for their lesson in the catechism, or as she gave them their potted plants at a festival, or sat on the greensward as a visitor witnessing their gambols on a Saturday afternoon.[1]

As a Parish Visitor.

Out of her relation as a Sunday School teacher grew naturally, imperceptibly and inevitably Mrs. Greenleaf's work as a parish visitor; for in a very real sense a parish visitor she came to be, as real as any capped and hooded sister professed as a "religious," or any deaconess duly set apart by episcopal authority. It is quite within the bounds of moderation to say that few women privately and unofficially can have done more constant or sweeter service in this direction than did she. Beginning with the families of the children especially committed to her Sunday care, she gradually extended this sphere of her influence until (it is not too much to say) in all these early years of the

[1] As at St. Bartholomew's, Cambridgeport, May 25, 1895.

parish history there was not a home that did not welcome her within its doors. Her "pure and undefiled religion" thus showed itself in "visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction," as well as in keeping herself "unspotted from the world." No family was so humble as to be overlooked; no case of contagious illness so malignant as to keep her from the door. While the same woman to all, simple, natural, sympathetic, unassuming, never revealing the slightest consciousness of any superiority of nature or station or circumstance, marking no social distinctions in her treatment of others, never fawning, never condescending, always even-tempered, sober-minded, open-handed, she yet was particularly concerned "for all who in this transitory life are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness or any other adversity." To all such especially her heart went out, so far as possible her feet carried her, and her presence and her voice brought cheer in personal ministration. She thus became the succourer of many and the comforter of all.

Our Foremost Member.

In such ways as these, and until the infirmities of age obliged her to desist from outward activities, Mrs. Greenleaf came to be St. James's foremost member. Foremost, though standing in the background; foremost not by reason of prominence sought, or superiority suggested, or leadership attempted, but because of an inherent weight of individuality not to be disguised, and an influence as irrepressible as light and heat. She was seen, not heard. She was not one of those church members who have a name that they live and are dead. She was a living member; living as the branch abiding in the vine. She was truly a *member* of Christ, an ear that listened for every case of suffering, an eye that watched for every

opportunity to help, a hand that was stretched forth to every case of need, a foot that was always ready for the errand of mercy.

As a Churchwoman.

But in other and deeper ways than these of visiting and teaching was Mrs. Greenleaf the foremost living member of St. James's. Without intellectual individualisms in matters of doctrine, without extravagances of taste in matters of ritual, without any preponderances of private opinion or personal practice that could be used to label her as "High Church" or "Broad Church" or "Low Church," she was just a true, loyal, whole-souled, whole-hearted Churchwoman.[1] She rejoiced over the young man "who was brought up a Quaker, but is now a good Churchman." [2] She believed in the Church of GOD and loved it; she loved the Word of GOD, and the Prayer Book, and the Lord's Day, and the habitation of GOD'S house, where, as she used to say, "we are all alike." In much of her feeling and in many of her ways she was what we call "old fashioned." She did not like changes, and found it hard to adjust herself to the new and strange. It was a rare thing for her to write a letter on Sunday, and she did not relish ordinary company upon that day. She loved to be "at

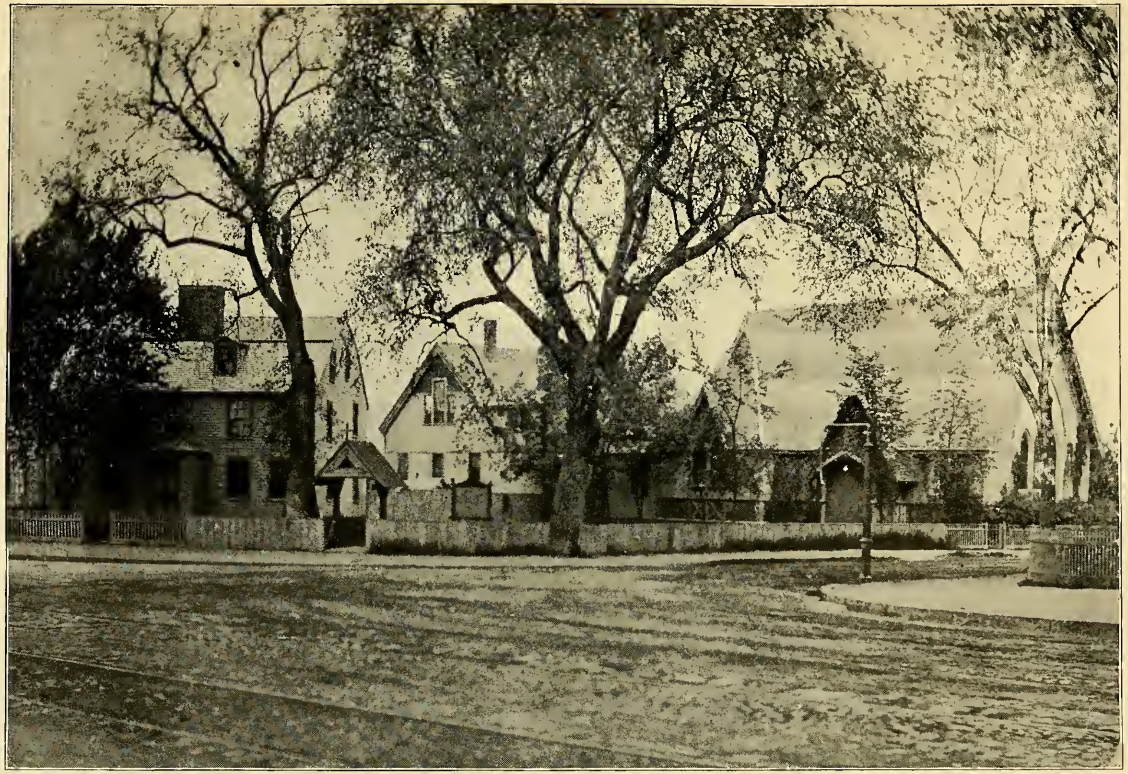
[1] Positively her only idiosyncrasy of "usage," if idiosyncrasy it may be called, was her significant, almost insistent, way, in repeating the Apostles' Creed, of saying "Resurrection of the *dead*," as in the Nicene Creed, instead of "Resurrection of the *body*"; and there can be no doubt that she meant by this preference to indicate a decided personal view, quietly held but not to be concealed, and wholly justified of course by the alternative phraseology of the Nicene symbol. Her voice in the Creeds, as in the Psalter, the Lord's Prayer and all other congregational parts of the Church's worship, was low and deep, and indescribably rich and tender, resonant with the profoundest spiritual meaning. Her utterance was more deliberate than that of those around her, as if more heavily laden with feeling than the common, so that it could not move so rapidly.

[2] Letter of September 9, 1900.

church"; she always was at church when health permitted. No conditions of weather, no considerations of hospitality, kept her away. She was at her own church. She did not wander. She had not itching ears after famous preachers or "beautiful services" or sensational utterances. During her active life she was always at the morning service in her own church on the Lord's Day, always there again at the second or evening service on the Lord's Day, and always at the midweek or Friday evening service; and always at the services on Fast Days and Feast Days and in the seasons of Advent and Lent. The observances of Holy Week had a large and tender place in her heart. She was in the habit of reminding all around her whenever Lent was approaching, taking care to add that "a holy Lent would bring a blessed Easter." With this regularity of her church attendance nothing that she could control was ever allowed to interfere. Often in her vigorous days she would walk four times, on one and the same Sunday, between her home on Brattle Street and the church on Beech Street, a distance all told of about five miles. She remembered once taking this walk up across Cambridge Common by moonlight, all alone in the early morning, to attend a Communion service, meeting only one person, and that a man, through the whole lonely way, "who passed her quietly and respectfully," as she afterwards gratefully acknowledged. On a Sunday when Dean Farrar, then Canon of Westminster, just now translated from the honors of the Church Militant to the glories of the Church Triumphant,[1] preached in Boston, she was invited by a friend to drive in with her in her carriage to hear him. "No," she replied, "I will go to my own church and my own service." And so she did. In the evening the

[1] Died in London March 23rd, the 4th Sunday in Lent.

THE "CORNER LOT" AS IT WAS.



distinguished visitor preached again, at the Harvard College Chapel, and a friend again invited her to go to hear him, promising to take her in by a side door and secure her a good seat. "No," she again said firmly, "I will go to my own church." And so she did again. She did not hear the English Canon. When her Rector preached an anniversary sermon in Christ Church, her old home for so many happy years, she wanted very much to be present for the sake of the old times; she said that perhaps she *might* go; but she did not go; she was in her place at St. James's and heard Mr. Fales.[1] When her Rector took his departure for Europe to be absent the greater part of a year, some one said to her comfortingly: "Now you can go to St. John's." "No indeed," was her reply, "if I go there it will be when my pastor is at home, not when he is away. When he is absent then my duty is particularly at St. James's." A relative fixed an hour for her wedding that would interfere with the morning service on All Saints' Day. In reply to the invitation she said that she should not be able to go to the wedding because of that service, and the day of the wedding had to be changed. When asked to be sponsor at an infant baptism in another church on Easter Even she was disposed to decline because to do so would take her away from where she thought she ought to be; and she only yielded because of her pastor's urging.

Such little instances as these are illustrations of the reality of her parochial relation, and of the conscientious steadfastness and fidelity with which she looked upon that relation, lived up to it, fulfilled it. It is hard to think of St. James's without her. A more devout, devoted, diligent, helpful parishioner no pastor ever had. Her example, consequently, was a constant lesson, encouragement, and

[1] The Rev. Thomas F. Fales, for many years Rector of Christ Church, Waltham.

inspiration. She never disappointed. Whatever one's expectations, she always exceeded them; whatever one's shortcomings, she always overlooked them. She anticipated wants, provided for necessities, created opportunities. Holy Anna in the Temple, who served God with fastings and prayers night and day; Dorcas of Joppa, full of good works and almsdeeds which she did; Phebe, servant of the Church at Cenchrea, who was the succourer of many; beloved Persis, who labored much in the Lord; yea, even Mary herself, mother of our Lord, whose soul magnified the Lord and whose spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour; each of these saintly and sainted women of the Bible had her counterpart in this woman of our own time and our own town, our association with whom for these many years has been one of our greatest spiritual blessings.

Her Benefactions.

The building and giving of the little church on Beech Street was only the first of a long line of benefactions to the parish, steady from the outset, steadily spreading like a flowing stream as her connection with the parish continued and her interest in its work widened and deepened, and constantly breaking away from natural channels upon the expanse of opportunities on either side like a stream in flood. Her gifts to it, never few and never small, were always spontaneous and voluntary. Within the present rectorship, at least, she was never asked for money; subscription papers were not carried to her; it was never necessary to solicit her contributions. As one of the congregation she heard from the chancel from time to time what was proposed, or in course of performance, in the parish, or by the parish, in the church or in the world outside; and she was in the habit of asking privately

where and how she could help, but her gifts here were always of her own motion and her own measurement. For all her gifts, when not in the form of checks, she invariably used fresh new paper money. When the "Corner Lot" was bought as a site for the new church of the future she contributed generously to the purchase. When the plans for the new church arrived from New York, and were submitted first to the Vestry as a surprise and then to the congregation at large as a vision of what might some day come to be, her wish soon found expression that she might live to see the vision realized; and it was her munificent offering, made without any solicitation, but not without prolonged and careful consideration, and dedicated after consultation to the dominant feature of a Memorial Chancel that should bear her husband's name, which furnished the example, the initiative, and the enabling means for what then seemed a formidable undertaking. The amount of this offering has not been publicly named until now. It was $25,000, a check for that amount being placed in her Rector's hands, to be expended confidentially at his discretion, first for the specific part of the building named. The building of the church was thus assured. When the day for laying the cornerstone arrived, and it became known that there remained a mortgage of $1,800 upon the land, it was again her check sent to the rector which extinguished the mortgage and made it possible to begin the building upon unincumbered ground. As the building approached completion it was her own proposition, deliberately framed, to place the organ in the chamber waiting for it; and that instrument was her accessory gift, and is one of her memorials. The Lenten Recitals which have been given by its means on Saturday afternoons for many years she attended with deep and tender satisfaction

while her strength permitted, and through its lips we may continue to hear as by proxy the songs that she loved to have sung in this "house of her pilgrimage." On the 11th of December, 1889, alone with the Rector and his wife in the chancel, after the Creed and some collects had been said, in silence and with infinite tenderness, with the screw-driver in her own hands, she drove home the screws that fasten in its place against the oaken wainscot of the apse the brass tablet bearing her husband's name. A complete communion service of solid silver for the Holy Table was her gift, the two cups of which were made to her order after drawings which she had approved. These cups were taken to her on an Ascension Day, brought by her to the church for the morning service, placed by her on the altar, and after use in the Sacrament cleansed by her for the first time. In the same affecting spirit, on All Saints' Day, 1893, she brought to the chancel two new prayer books which were needed for the altar, and which had been bought at her direction; put in the silken markers; and laid the books in their places where you see them to-day, fondling them to the last moment, and standing before the altar as she silently blessed them with what I must think was more than priestly benediction.

In the spring of 1902 she placed in the Rector's hands a check for $500 towards the proposed new parish house, and later in the same season, in the same hands, another check for $500 for the thorough repair of the present chapel, which work was done under her alert imagination, if not under her active eye; and the last item of that renovation, her last living gifts, were the hymnal for the altar and two prayer books for the reading desks, brought to the places where they now lie directly from her own hands. And there, during all these last six months of

THE "CORNER LOT" AS IT IS.

her life, wrapped up in her will, lay the final hidden gifts to and for the parish,—$5,000 for the St. James's Bed in the Cambridge Hospital, $5,000 for the charitable work of the parish carried on under the name of "The Paddock Memorial," $2,000 as a repair fund for the Memorial Chancel, and $23,000 as a fund for the rector's salary—so gathering up and making permanent all her solicitude and help for the church she so much loved.[1]

And all this which she did for the parish was but an index to her life-long and boundless charity. The manifold, deeply planned, and carefully specified gifts of her remarkable will were but a reflection of the conscientious fidelity with which she administered her stewardship. As years passed on and her generosities multiplied, as her mood and means became known, she received solicitations of every description from every quarter. Everybody went to Mrs. Greenleaf to beg or to borrow. The endless procession of solicitors for missions, schools, hospitals, and churches, which winds in and out of Boston from one end of the year to the other, always went by the way of her door. If any good cause was in hand it was certain that Mrs. Greenleaf would help. She seldom refused. From East, from West, from North, from South, from the Old World as well as from the New, from bishops, college presidents, missionaries and teachers, from perfect strangers as well as from those who claimed her acquaint-

[1] There can be no objection to noting here the fact that at one time several years ago Mrs. Greenleaf seriously considered the expediency of designating her large final gift to the parish for the erection of a new Parish House; and also that before actually providing as she did in the summer of 1902 for the repair of the Chapel the thought occurred to her, and received some consideration, of replacing the Chapel with as nearly as possible an exact duplicate in brick or stone, so to enshrine in form more enduring than wood, as permanent indeed as the new church itself, the associations with which her "first church venture" was invested.

ance, by personal calls and by beseeching letters, came requests for pecuniary help; countless, bewildering, often pathetic, all appealing to her sympathies, many gaining her response. As many as eight poor women have been seen at one time waiting in her hall for her attention and assistance; of whom she had only these gentle patient words to say: "This cold morning brings out all my poor friends." Every applicant for her bounty thought his case exceptional; few realized the extent of the competition. Towards all she had a kindly feeling, even towards those whom she refused. Over many applications she deliberated, sometimes long; over some she sought advice; doubtful ones were not unlikely to gain the benefit of the doubt, and few were sent empty away.

Her House and Home.

The house which for so many years was Mrs. Greenleaf's home denoted by its simplicity and spaciousness the life that went on within. Its rooms were sufficiently numerous and ample, and of hospitable aspect; its furnishings, dignified and decorous but plain, betokened every comfort and no ostentation. It had an atmosphere. The piano against the front window of the great double parlors, the bust of the poet brother, the well-filled bookcases, the pictures on the walls, the bits of souvenirs here and there, were quietly indicative of the tastes and affections of her who here presided. On the center table in the rear parlor always stood, among other objects of interest, a stack of portrait photographs, including members of the Longfellow, Dana and Thorp families, parents, grandparents and children, her brothers, her Bishops—Drs. Paddock, Brooks and Lawrence, Bishops Courtney and Whipple, the Rev. Drs. Gray and Porter, Mr. Higginson and his daughter,

and some others. These photographs were systematically rotated so that no one was always uppermost, but each took the place of honor in its turn. There was to be no outward sign of favoritism among her friendships here. A little to one side of this center table stood always, on identically the same spot, the little low chair which she invariably occupied when in this room, the well-worn place in the carpet showing how long and how fixedly her feet had rested there. From the back window she looked out on her secluded garden; or from the side piazza across the lawn to St. John's, Brattle Street, and the Craigie House beyond. In the dining room, to the left of the great hall as one entered, her table was always set with an extra plate for the unexpected but never unwelcome guest. As the evening of her life drew on, confining her more and more to the floor above in expedient self-protection from an almost endless stream of visitors, she divided her time between the "blue room" and the "pink room," sleeping in the one and spending the days in the other, descending to her meals only as strength allowed and as she felt inclined. In one of these retreats she received her kindred and more intimate friends; here for more than a year she had frequent devotional services with her pastor in the twilight, followed by the cup of tea over which she lingered as if to prolong the interview; and here with two or three chosen ones about her, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, she received many times the Holy Communion, which she was no longer physically able to receive at the chancel rail of the church or chapel that she loved. It was at such times as these, as she sat by the western window of her "blue room," in her blue chintz-covered easy chair, that the in-streaming light silhouetted her figure with a distinctness that can never be forgotten, and stamped every feature of her physiognomy and every detail of her dress

indelibly upon the mind. Her small stature; her slight form; her face, strongly featured but finely moulded, and densely seamed with a minuteness and delicacy like that of lacework; the crown of ivory-hued hair that waved over her forehead and fell in ringlets at each side; the transparent pallor of her complexion; her luminous eyes of bluish gray; her extremely mobile mouth, never at rest but always in motion as if about to speak, dumbly responding to the incessant play of thought and feeling within; the radiance of the indwelling spirit which always streamed from her countenance; and its unfailing expression of sympathy and affection, animation and interest, combined to present a materialization of "sweetness and light" which few of us, if any, have ever seen equaled. The exceeding luminosity of this spiritualized presence was intensified by contrast with her garb, which an intimacy of more than twenty-five years cannot remember as ever consisting of anything else than a plain gown of simple black stuff, a cap of white tarletan, deep cuffs of the same material broad hemmed, and a fold of white blond about her throat, gathered broadly and loosely at the waist, and held together with a simple little brooch. On fast days and feast days, in society or in the privacy of home, this was all. It was the incomparable elegance of immaculate simplicity.

The Beginning of the End.

The first premonition of the end came to Mrs. Greenleaf as long ago as Good Friday, 1888, when attendance at Mr. F. O. C. Darley's funeral in the morning and at Mrs. Channing's in the afternoon, with a church service beside, so far overtaxed her strength as to bring on a fainting attack, obliging her to spend her Easter in her bed. It was the first interruption of the kind to her regularity of habit,

and she felt it. If it seemed to sober her for the moment, it seemed also to deepen her devotion, her alacrity, her cheerfulness, her sympathy. If from this day on she felt her tenure of life to be uncertain, she was her own self more than ever. Her old physician in Portland was constantly writing her to keep quiet, and her friends and kindred in Cambridge were urging her to spare herself. She did begin to spare herself; she slackened her pace a little, but she kept on. She had a fall in Boston[1] and went about with her arm in a sling. She felt the dropping out from the procession of her old fellow pilgrims of many years; a dear cousin, Dr. Peabody, and "old Anne," her cook, all in a single week. "Everything this week," she said.[2] "I do not expect to be here another Easter," she said on Easter, 1895.[3] On Sunday, October 4, 1896, she kept her seat through the whole service at St. James's, and for the first time in her pastor's recollection did not go forward to the rail to receive the Communion. All through this summer she suffered more or less from vertigo, and her physician began to feel that at her age her symptoms gave ground for anxiety.

Blindness.

By this time serious trouble with her eyes had begun to develop. As far back as 1892 she had experienced so much difficulty in reading and writing as to make her ask "Am I going to be blind?" Then, out of her old submissiveness, she would answer her own question, saying: "Yes, if God thinks best." "How are the eyes to-day?" she would be asked. "As bad as they can be," would be

[1] May 27, 1892.
[2] March, 1893.
[3] April 14.

the cheerful answer.[1] In the course of her daily drives it became evident that her vision was missing the details of the landscape; she gradually ceased to recognize her friends by sight, and became dependent on their voices. Yet she kept on teaching in the Sunday School and visiting the sick and needy. It troubled her that St. James's feet in the great chancel window of the church, "which used to be so dazzling," had all faded away.[2] But at a meeting of the Lowell Archdeaconry she could see that there were three men with white beards in the chancel.[3] She gave up inviting friends to her table because she could not see to preside and to serve them, but she still loved to have them "drop in." [4] So the days moved on, and so her activity perceptibly diminished as her vitality imperceptibly failed.

Closing Years.

The All Saints' Day services in 1897 were the first of this festival at which her absence was remarked. Mere weather began to keep her at home.[5] She began to anticipate her departure, to consider, and even to talk of the details of her burial.[6] She would go to a parlor fair and stay a full hour in place of the half-hour advised, and though very tired would go next day to hear Bishop Moreland preach at St. James's.[7] But then at dinner after this exertion she fainted. On her 60th wedding

[1] April 19, 1893.

[2] April 8, 1894.

[3] Autumn, 1894.

[4] January, 1897.

[5] January 20, 1898, 1st Sunday after the Epiphany.

[6] "I have always said," she once observed, "that I wished to be buried from my own home, but if a church funeral let it be very simple. I do not want the choir boys to precede my body. There may be two hymns if you wish, but for one of them 'There is a Land of Pure Delight,' omitting the fourth verse." [July 9, 1898.]

[7] December 16, 1898, 3rd Sunday in Advent.

anniversary, October 22, 1899, the 21st Sunday after Trinity, she worshiped at St. James's and received the Holy Communion, and was the center of a great gathering after the service. But there now began to be noticeable gaps in her attendance. Weeks went by and she was not in her accustomed seat. As the day of the Consecration of the new Church drew nigh, she hoped to live to see it, "but might not be here.[1] She came to early and quiet services in the chapel when she could no longer endure the strain of the longer services in the church. The second Sunday after Easter, April 29, 1900, was the first Sunday she was at church since Christmas. On the 22nd Sunday after Trinity, November 1, she heard the sermon on "Vessels Meet for the Master's Use," but of course with no sign afterwards that she recognized between the lines the covert allusion to her.[2] She kept on seeing the incessant stream of callers at her home, but with great resulting weariness of body and mind, and only little by little denied herself to all except her nearest relatives and dearest friends. Yet her daily mid-day drive was never omitted, if strength permitted, up to two days before she died. The serene beauty of her old age heightened and deepened as the outward form weakened and trembled with decay; the spirit was as fresh and buoyant as ever. Her eye grew dim, her voice wavered, her memory halted, her hand groped for what she could not see, hallucinations flitted across her mind, but her interest in life never slackened and her hold on the world never relaxed. The early days of 1901 were darkened for her by the deaths one after another of her old friends, Mrs. Preble, Mrs. Thatcher, and Mrs. Stone; of her sole surviving sister, Mrs. Pierce, who had lived eighty-seven of her ninety

[1] February 9, 1900.

[2] Adopted as the motif of the Memorial Window in the Chapel. See P. 47.

years in the old house in Portland where she was born; and of her sole surviving brother, Mr. Alexander Longfellow, leaving her alone, the last of eight children, and "the next life very near." All this within the short space of thirty days.[1] If anything could depress her, all this depressed her. She retired to her chamber in self-defense against callers whom it was best for her not to see.[2] It was a constant surprise to her that she did not "get back her strength."[3] "The Lord's hand has touched me and is with me. I feel it very much," she said, as her spirit bent, especially under the excitement of her brother's death and burial.

All through this closing period of her life her thoughts were as much as ever with others and as little as ever with herself. When the news abruptly reached her[4] of the sudden death the day before of her nephew Dr. Robert W. Greenleaf, who at one time had lived with her two years, and for whom she had something of the feeling of a mother for a son, her instant impulse and her first words were of sympathy for the widowed mother and the sister left so suddenly alone in their Charlestown home. As she listened to the reading of Balfour's *Life of Stevenson*, she could not help observing that "he had deep down a really religious nature in some ways." Habitual as was her self-repression, no one was more alert or eager to recognize the excellences of others. To her the death of Mrs. Dr. William R. Lawrence of Longwood was "the passing away of the sweetest of all Christian women."[5] Whatever her own deprivations she did not complain, and in her feeblest

[1] January–February, 1901.
[2] February, 1901.
[3] February 20, Ash Wednesday, 1901.
[4] April 29, 1901.
[5] Letter of August 16, 1900.

INTERIOR OF ST. JAMES'S CHAPEL.

(Mrs. Greenleaf's pew was near the corner on the right.)

O Come, let us worship and bow down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker

hours her heart did not faint within her. When found in bed, weary and frail, but more radiant than ever, and asked how she were that day, "Poorly?"[1] her cheery answer would be: "O, a great deal better than last night. I had a very ill turn in the night and felt that the end was near, that I was close to the other shore; but I was held up."

There was a touching scene in our chapel on the third Sunday after Easter, April 28, 1901. It was a lovely Lord's Day in the early spring. She came to the simple and quiet service at ten minutes before ten. With faltering steps, held by and leaning on the arm of her companion, she went forward to her old place at the Communion rail at the right side of the chancel with the first communicants. But when they retired she did not retire; she remained while the second group came forward, and on through the concluding prayers and benediction, seemingly oblivious of everything but her devotion.

Her last attendance at St. James's was on Easter Sunday a year ago. Her inquiries a few days previous as to the hours of the Communion services on that day had led to the appointment of a special service at the intermediate hour of 9.30, with the hope that, strength and weather favoring, she might be able to come. She came, and with the help of a relative[2] slowly and feebly made her way to the chancel rail and knelt in her old place, radiant, heavenly visaged as ever, to receive the Communion of the body and blood of Christ. It was her last visit to the holy house she loved.

The End.

So, gently, quietly, slowly, ebbed her lovely life away. She spent her last summer in the Longfellow cottage at Falmouth Foreside, just out of Portland, serene, bright,

[1] February 2, 1902.

[2] Mrs. Wm. P. P. Longfellow.

as full of interest in things as ever, and returned in due season to her Cambridge home. The end was drawing near, but there were no more signs of it than there had been for several years. When that end came it came so suddenly as to take all by surprise; so easily and peacefully that her transition from the life that now is to that which is to come seemed to be made without a jar. So far as her inner life was concerned there could not have been much change. The day was Wednesday, the 3rd of last December, the hour twenty minutes before eleven as midnight drew near. On the Sunday previous some slight functional disturbance had arrested the attention of those around her, but excited no alarm. These symptoms recurred rather more disquietingly on Monday, yet on that day she took her usual drive. Tuesday brought no occasion for increased anxiety. On Wednesday morning almost if not quite her last important act was to dictate a note to Bishop Lawrence thanking him for a copy of his *Life of Governor Wolcott* which she had just received at his hands. Early in the afternoon the first unmistakable summons came. At about four the slight stroke fell which was all that was needed to sever her slender hold upon the world. And as the last hour of the day approached she passed away. Her death was in keeping with her life and as all who knew her would have wished it to be.

A Unique Figure.

So passed into the life beyond a woman who, taking all things into account, was one of the remarkable women of her time. Has what has now been said of her been oversaid? To this question those who have known her longest and best will answer: "Not one word." Some things may have been said here which might have been left unsaid, but every word is true. She was of the "salt of the

earth." She was a "light of the world." Let her own works praise her in the gates, and now that she is gone let our lips unstintedly echo the praise. Readily the distinction will be conceded that in every respect she was the first lady of Cambridge. Her ancestry, her family, her connections and associations, her bodily presence and her intellectual powers, her cultivation, her principles and her tastes, her dignity and delicacy, the equilibrium of her moods, the refinement of her nature and her simplicity of manner, her strength of will and gentleness of movement, the independence and firmness of her convictions and her toleration for those from whom she differed, her wide outlook and her thoughtfulness of little things, her self-respect and her humility, her wealth and her liberality, her devoutness and her interest in affairs, her familiarity with great minds and her love of little children, her own manifest distinctions and her manifest indifference to distinctions among others, the exaltation of her place and the utter lack of anything like pretension, her perfect assurance of her own position and her entire regardlessness of her own position, her generosity and her discrimination, her affability and her reserve, her sympathy and her regulating conscientiousness, her reverence for sacred things and her interest in common things, her concern for everybody, her delight in the good, the true and the beautiful, and her pity for the wrong, the false, and the unlovely, her manifold ministries, and finally withal the great age to which her life was prolonged, — such were some of the traits and features which united to present in her a character and a career which few if any of us have seen paralleled and which will not soon be seen again.

Intensely human in her emotions, attachments and experiences, her nature was transformed into the divine and transfigured with the heavenly. Her character was a true

sainthood; her life flowed serenely amidst the distractions, the temptations, the sorrows, the allurements and the pleasures of the world around her. Her faults are known to her GOD but were not apparent to her friends. She dwelt in His secret place, so that her life was "hid with Christ in GOD." It was a sermon on these words that called forth the most fervent expression of commendation ever heard by her pastor from her lips. She was unconscious that in her own life that sermon had found its inspiration and interpretation. For years she "had no plans." GOD planned and she waited and followed. She believed in GOD'S providence. She trusted in GOD her Saviour. She rejoiced in the fellowship of the Spirit. She communed in her own heart through the silent watches of the night; while others slept she whiled away the hours of wakefulness with prayers and hymns. She was especially fond of hymns.[1] In them she found the expression

[1] Mrs. Greenleaf always read, or had read to her, on Sunday mornings the 84th Psalm; and when, on the failure of her eyesight, it was read to her, she usually repeated the whole of it with the reader. In like manner she always read daily, or had read to her, Hymn No. 1 in the Church's Hymnal, beginning "New every morning is the love"; the last two lines of which,

"And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray,"

she would repeat constantly over and over to herself as she wandered about the house on her "tours of inspection." Another of her favorite hymns was the 342nd, "Art thou weary, art thou languid." Toward the last she always had read to her, every Sunday evening, Hymns 11, 12, 13, 15, 319, 344, 423, 501, 602, 674, and 678. The leaves containing these hymns in the little red-edged Hymnal which lay amongst other kindred books on her parlor table were neatly turned down. Her "Good Night" Psalms were always chosen from among the 4th, the 19th, the 23rd and 121st together, the 42nd, and the 91st. The hymn "While Thee I seek, protecting power," was often repeated to her at the services of devotion in her chamber, at the close of which her invariable remark was: "I always hear my father's voice in that hymn, at the Sunday evening singing after tea." Another hymn of which she grew extremely fond was one from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, No. 477, which, from the circumstances under which it was brought to her notice, came to be known to her as "the New Zealand Hymn." It made a deep

of her supplications and intercessions. The recital of them when she could no longer read them carried her mind back to her childhood's home, to her father's side, and the hour of family devotion, and the season of Sunday instruction. Her lips moved in sympathetic action as the familiar words fell on her ear, and her face gleamed with the happy memories they recalled. The sobriety of her temper was relieved by an unfailing vivacity, her sense of the humorous quickly responding to the amusing side of things. Sly flashes of fun enlivened her conversation.[1] The flow of her sympathies sparkled and glistened as it encountered the follies

impression on her, and as it is more closely associated with the later memories of her than almost any other, and is unfamiliar, it is given below entire:

The day Thou gavest, LORD, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it Lord; Thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

[1] Once after a sermon on "the woman question" she said: "I have voted for eleven years. P. (naming a man at one time in her employ) came to me every year and asked me how to vote, and always voted as I told him." [September 22, 1895.]

or weaknesses of others, but was never roiled with prejudice or passion. Her earnestness never ran into vehemence, yet sometimes when most lenient she was most decided. She never indulged in sarcasm, seldom in satire; a furtive irony was the only weapon of this class that she ventured to use, and then with a touch so light and playful that it did not wound. She never found fault, though she could imply reproof; she seldom criticised, preferring always to commend. Her sense of justice was acute, but she did not pass judgments unless called upon, choosing rather to enter a plea for mercy. For the mischiefs and mistakes of others she was always ready with excuses. Her excellent sagacity displayed itself in all matters of business, with regard to which she was clear-sighted, prudent, prompt, precise. The springs of her action were not in impulse but in principle. She knew how to rule, but her rod was kindness. Her household was well ordered and orderly. Her carefulness did not degenerate into worry, but her discipline did not neglect trifles. "What says the thermometer in the hall?" she would ask of a visitor on a winter's day when the house seemed overwarm, and her eyes could not read the record for herself. "73" might be the answer. "73?" she would respond inquiringly; "that is against the rule." "Shall I speak to the servants?" "No." Then a pause, a swift consideration of the problem, and finally in a decisive voice: "Open half the outer door."[1] She was conciliatory without compromise, a peacemaker without pusillanimity, could yield a point without a sign of weakness, could stand firm without a sign of obstinacy. She overflowed with sentiment, but no one would ever have thought of calling her sentimental. Wisely as she could handle property she could dispose of it lavishly. She condescended without

[1] February 12th, 1901.

manifesting condescension. Like Rufus Choate she treated every man as if he were a gentleman, and every woman as if she were in every sense a lady. Her servants were her friends; she regarded them with consideration; she was their guest at their weddings and sat among the mourners at their burials; she gave her commands with respect, but with expectation. Yet she was never timorous, or querulous, or obsequious. She did not know what it was to be impatient, or if she did she kept her knowledge to herself. Her declinations and refusals were so dexterous that the disappointed almost felt they had received a favor. She shared the griefs and sorrows of those who were called to mourn, who brought to her their burdens for her help in bearing; but young parents also made haste to report to her the arrival of their first born, sure that she would enter into their joy. When the perplexed and the struggling knew not which way to turn to meet the emergencies of life, they turned to her. She was mother confessor to many a soul in trouble. When she could no longer go herself on errands of mercy she contrived to send others. She remembered birthdays and contributed notes and flowers for their commemoration. As she looked out on the great round world it was always to her the world for which Christ died. From its sin she sought to help redeem it and its sorrows to relieve. She had profound faith in the instrumentality of the Gospel to this end. She rejoiced in the expectations and prospects of young men looking forward to this ministry, and not only bade them godspeed but loved to help equip them for their work. Much foolishness of preaching she overlooked, confident that with many tares some wheat must fall on good soil to bring forth fruit to the glory of God. She believed in missions; in foreign missions, in domestic missions, in diocesan missions, in

every form and sort of missions to carry the Gospel and its institutions to every creature. By conviction, affection, training, and taste a thorough Churchwoman, she yet loved all who profess and call themselves Christians, and realized her membership in the mystical body of Christ's greater church, the blessed company of all faithful people.

"Just to Look at Her."

It is no wonder that this woman was admired, venerated and beloved for what she was even more than for what she did, and that it is the impress of her spotless character and her flawless life, quite as much as the fact of her countless and generous benefactions, which will perpetuate her influence on, far on, into the years to come. This was so true while she was yet with us that strangers from afar not less than parishioners at home used to confess that they found both motive and reward for coming to St. James's in just "looking at her" in her pew. It was not to speak to her or to hear her speak, but just to see her face. To quote in another application words quoted years ago in application to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Croswell:[1]

It was not anything she said—
  It was not anything she did;
It was the movement of her head—
  The lifting of her lid.

Her little motions when she spoke,
  The presence of an upright soul,
The living light that from her broke,
  It was the perfect whole.[2]

Our Priceless Possession.

Such was the woman whose part in the history of this parish has been its most considerable portion in the past, and whose memory is its priceless possession for all time

[1] *The Croswell Memorial.* 1879. P. 17.

[2] "The Upright Soul." J. H. Perkins. In *Hymns of the Ages.* Second Series. P. 68.

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH.

LOOKING TOWARD THE MEMORIAL CHANCEL.

(Mrs. Greenleaf's pew was just to the right of the pillar on the left.)

to come. We must not forget her. We shall not forget her. We cannot forget her. The simple window which her associates of the Missionary Society have placed this day next to the seat she so long occupied in the little church which was her gift and which she so dearly loved; the larger and more imposing window which, by the gifts of a wider circle of friends, we hope at no very distant day to erect in yonder wall of this larger house, facing the Memorial Chancel, but withdrawn in a measure from the public gaze; that "Greenleaf House," which already has been dreamed of and spoken of as the possible new parish house of the future, a building worthy of its place and name, providing amply for the pious and charitable works of this parish for all time to come; hardly is even any one of these needed as her memorial. All of these present buildings, in their entirety, their origin, their intent, their use; all of our very work itself, our worship and our fellowship, our sacrament, our service and our song; all that shall here be done in coming years for Christ's sake and in His Name, are and will be her true memorial. We who remain to go in and out of these doors, carrying forward the enterprise which was so much to her, and those who come after us when our part is done, will not forget her. Upon our hearts and upon our lives are stamped her image and its superscription. There is not one of us whose privilege it has been to know her, who is not to-day more truly a child of GOD the Father, more confidently and faithfully a disciple of Jesus Christ the Saviour, more joyfully and peacefully subject to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the Blessed Comforter, for our association with her. As assured by a psalm that we might have read this afternoon, "her leaf will not wither." The afterglow of her presence amongst us will long illuminate our sky. Long may the deep still current of her example wind in and out among

our recollections. And as this attempt to portray her likeness began, so let it end, with words of that poet brother, who with his lips put into song the same great truths of which her whole life was one unbroken and melodious utterance; words which not inaptly depict the influence we have tried to realize to-day and which we would preserve forever:[1]

Silent stream! thy Indian name
Unfamiliar is to fame;
For thou hidest here alone,—
Well content to be unknown.

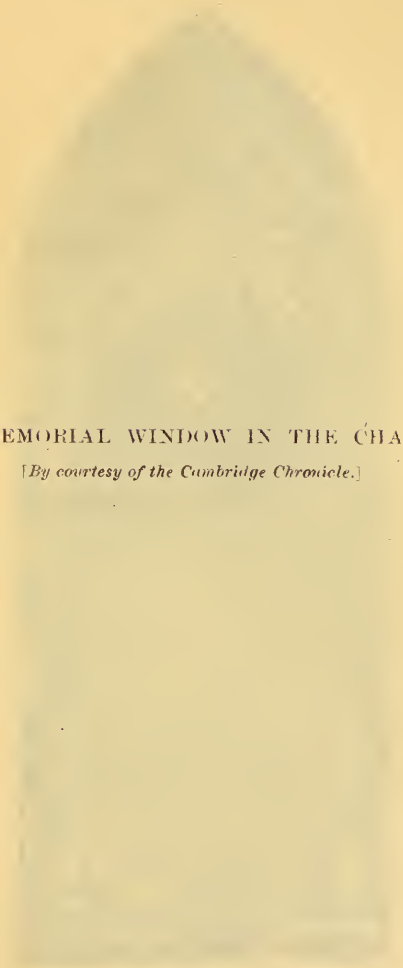
But thy tranquil waters teach
Wisdom deep as human speech,
Moving without haste or noise
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy mill,
And art ever calm and still,
Even thy silence seems to say
To the traveller on his way:—

"Traveller, hurrying from the heat
Of the city, stay thy feet!
Rest awhile, nor longer waste
Life with inconsiderate haste!

"Be not like a stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls,
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul."

[1] Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: "Songo River."



THE MEMORIAL WINDOW IN THE CHAPEL.

[*By courtesy of the Cambridge Chronicle.*]

BY THIS WINDOW SAT FOR MANY YEARS
MARY LONGFELLOW GREENLEAF
BORN JUNE 28 1816 • DIED DEC 3 1902
"BLESSED BE THY NAME
O LORD THAT IT PLEAS-
ED THEE TO PUT IT INTO
THE HEART OF THY SER-
VANT TO APPROPRIATE
AND DEVOTE THIS HOUSE
TO THY HONOUR AND
WORSHIP AND GRANT
THAT ALL WHO ENJOY
THE BENEFIT OF THIS
PIOUS WORK MAY SHOW
FORTH THEIR THANKFUL-
NESS BY MAKING A
RIGHT USE OF IT TO THE
GLORY OF THY BLESSED
NAME THROUGH JESUS
CHRIST OUR LORD"

LOOKING UNTO GOD.

"Who sees God's hand in all things, and all things in God's hand."

I LOOK to thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy touch, Eternal Love!
And all is well again.
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road,—
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude,
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW: *Hymns and Verses*, 1894. P. 38. Read at the service at the house on the day of Mrs. Greenleaf's burial.